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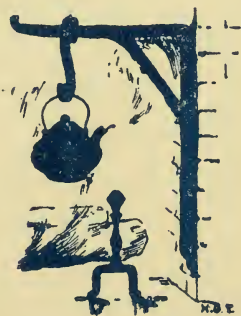


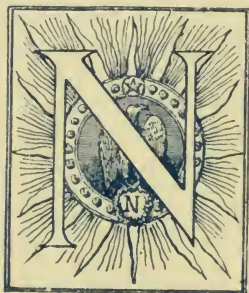


In Ye Goode Olde Colony Dayes

By

Alvin Probasco Ripgen

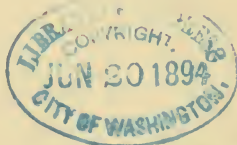






In De Goode Olde Colony Dayes

By
Alvin Probasco Hipgen



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TO
THE DESCENDANTS
OF GOD'S TRUE NOBLE-MEN
THE DAUGHTERS
OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

The author makes grateful acknowledgments to *Vogue* for permission to republish "Reverie of the Moon"; to the *Yale Literary Magazine*, *Courant*, and *Record*, in which the remainder have appeared; to the artists of the Yale Record, and to the publisher of *Yale Wit and Humor* for the illustrations in these pages.

A. P. N.

YALE UNIVERSITY.

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Under the Old
Regime.

“ Dear Maid, with patch and puff,
With waist so short, yet long enough
 To make man most forget,
Pray dance with me, for by thy side
I promise thee my feet with pride,
As lightly as my heart will glide—
 Wilt trip the Minuet ? ”

“ Kind Sir, thy grace of word has vied
Thy grace of step ; yet must I chide,
Thy flattery I regret !
But, since the dancing woman flies,
My love for it I ’ll not disguise ;
But while I may, the time I ’ll prize—
We ’ll trip the Minuet ! ”

Woosingly the music sighs,
He looks into her wondrous eyes,
’T is but a glance, and yet !—
Within our old ancestral hall,
Their pictures hang upon the wall,
And when dark silence reigns o’er all,
They trip the Minuet !



Lent.

My Angela is most demure,
A saint I think she could
allure,

Or any one.

She does deny for forty
days

All innocent but joyous
ways,

In modest gown in church
she prays,

The little nun.

That is not all, the maid devout,
Has gone too far, so I make out ;

My censure wins !

She's not alone denied herself,
For forty days, the little elf,
I get no kisses, such my pelf,
Those little sins !

She says, " That during Lent they're wrong ;
That forty days is not so long ; "

The little Grundy !

Yet from her cheeks so taunting bland.
To steal a kiss I have n't sand ;
Perhaps she'll let me hold her hand
Upon Palm Sunday !



In
Ye Goode Olde
Colony Dayes.

“ Dear Maid, with ‘ kirtle and kerchief ’ white,
Our country needs me, so ’ t is right

I go, and share her fate.

Weep not ; to hearts both true and brave
To fill a noble patriot’s grave
Is sweeter than to live a slave.

One pledge, e’er ’ t is too late ! ”

“ Brave Lad, think not I weep from fear ;
To lose my all in life, were dear

 If 't would my Country free !
My hands shall also find their rôle :
If prayer some dying soldier's soul
Can guide unto the heavenly goal.
 May God grant Liberty ! ”

When war was o'er the twain were wed ;
A quiet honest life they led,

 Devoid of pomp and fame !—
Let others vaunt their crests ; I wot
Their Sires tho' crowned kings, were not
More noble than my patriot
 And his colonial dame !



In
Braver
Days.

“ Kind Sirs, I’ve drunk to each man’s toast,
And glad’s my heart, that all can boast
 Of maids so dear and rare !
I love a lass, whose modest grace,
Whose queenly form and lovely face
Defy the limner’s brush to trace !
 Here’s to the maid *most* fair ! ”

“Nay, nay, I shall not drink to her,
Whoe'er she be ; because, brave Sir,
Her beauty can't surpass,
The charms of one I love ! I deem
Thine may be fair, but Poets dream
Of such as mine—a noble theme !
I 'd die, Sir, for my lass !”

At dawn to the appointed place,
Each came, to prove his lady's grace
Or die ;—such honor's duty !
Their weapons drawn ; a moment's wait ;
They put them back—e'er 't was too late—
Since both in their appeals to Fate,
Swore by my Grand-dame's beauty !



Reverie of the Moon.

A little before the Revolution, during the season when they call me the "Harvest Moon," I was watching an old mammy tell her children of the good days to come. She was sitting before the door of her log cabin on the banks of the old Ohio, with her little pic-kaninnies all around her. They were listening to her tale with wide-open eyes and mouth. Their mas-

ter, Marse Whitehill, was cruel, and when the old mammy told them that Con'l Tobin had promised to buy them "as soon as his ship comes in," and that he would be a kind master, little Tom asked about that ship.

"Oh, dat ship, chile, am laden wid sparklin' jewels, diamonds and pearls, an' wid gold and silber! Ya-as, it will come floatin' up dis here Ohio, de Lawd knows when, but it's comin', for Con'l Tobin sed so." With that the group betook themselves into the cabin, all to dream of the ship to come, and of serving good Con'l Tobin.

I rose a little higher then, and

was just about to peep into the open door, when I saw little black Tom

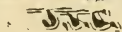


stealthily creeping along to the bank of the river.

He looked up and down and then

quickly

seated



himself.

He was watching for Con'l Tobin's ship to come in laden with jewels and precious metals, nor did he give me even so much as a passing glance, so intent was his watch. After a little I saw him joyfully jump up, then he kneeled down as if in prayer, his lips seeming to say :

“Good Lawd, ’deed I lubs you !
Der comes Con’l Tobin’s ship all
sparklin’ wid diamonds and gold !
Good Lawd, let me get it in for
him, den he will buy me from
Marse Whitehill.”

Of course I knew he mistook
my image in the Ohio for his ship,
and in fact it did look, as it floated
over the rippling waters, like a
golden fairy boat. Higher and
higher I rose, each minute bringing
my reflection nearer and nearer the
little black slave waiting on the
banks to catch the treasure ship.

At last the image was brought
directly under him and he leaned
over the high bank to grasp it.

Further he reached—still further—his hand was almost touching the water—almost grasping the golden ship. I pitied the poor little fellow when I thought of his disappointment in finding that his ship was only an image.

But suddenly I saw the bank beneath him giving way! Once more the little slave grasped for the ship! It was his final effort, and without a cry he sank forever beneath the waves of the Ohio!

He had found his new master.

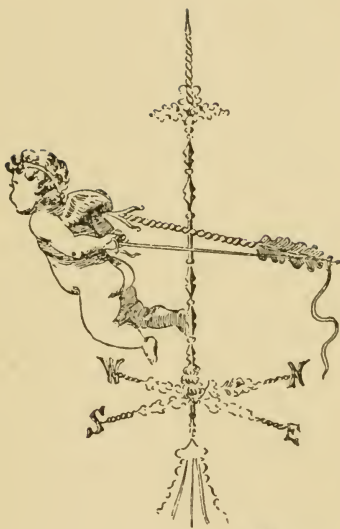


'Twas Ever Thus.

In ancient days, my Maiden dear,
From sage and scholar do we hear,
Lived shrewd Penelope.
She wove her web, in woman's loft,
There tied the knots e'en silken soft,
But when fair Luna shone, so oft
Unloosed the knot did she.

Thus she delayed the two-score men,
Till her true lover came again,
 And slew the suitors bold !
Nor grieved she when Ulysses bent
His bow ; and then with ill intent
Through all their hearts an arrow sent,
 As he had shot of old !

A web of charms thou'st wov'n, dear Maid,
And in it I have long delayed,
 Till now I am not free !
Unloose the knots, take out the dart,
With which young Cupid shot my heart.
Nay, nay, but say, " We ne'er shall part,
 I'll love and live with thee."



W. H. M. B. M.

In the Reign of Queen Fay.

A Fairy Queen sat all
alone,
Upon a violet, her
throne,
Her heart pined
for a King !
She waved her wand ;
a Fairy Knight
Appeared ; a Poet, and
a Sprite,
Each thinking that his
own true *might*
The Kingly Crown
would bring !

First Warrior with Sir Poet tried ;
 His wondrous deeds of arms outvied,
 The fleetness of a glance !
 A humming-bird of its own will
 Gave Poet a plume, his rhymes did thrill
 The wee Queen's heart, she cried, " The Quill
 Is *mightier* than the Lance ! "

Then Poet challengèd Sir Sprite ;
 His songs of praise filled with delight,
 The queenly fairy's breast !
 The Sprite a single sparkling dart
 Shot from his bow ; it pierced her heart ; —
 " Sir Warrior, Poet, speed, depart,
 For Love is *mightiest*."



Reverie of the Family Arms.

You would hardly imagine, that an old worn-out looking coat-of-mail like myself could enjoy so quiet a life as I have had for the past few years in this Beacon Street mansion. Of course, my shield gets heavy sometimes, and I think that I can't stand it any longer, but when I'm dusted by the daintiest little house-maid, I think I am a young gallant of the modern day.

Still, I often do get tired of hearing Mr. N. E. W. Ryche and his family tell how "that coat-of-mail was worn by their great, great grandfather, who came over in the *Mayflower*, and was an intimate friend of Miles Standish." I know as well as Ryche that I am the production of modern art and artificiality.

Why, I remember the day well—it was only five years ago—that, after the armorer had completed me, a young student from Harvard, a needy youth named Claudius Cicero Grindhard, said, "That 's the best imitation of an old coat-of-mail you've made yet," and taking out his notebook he continued, "This

is the best-sounding motto I've made up, '*Iustus et Honor Propositi.*' Put that on his shield." That's how old I am !!! As for old Mr. Ryche's pedigree, he found his wife in a dry-goods store out West somewhere. Well, they married and he made a fortune out of "Swimming Soap," but, as they were not received in society there, they determined to come East, and "get Jack (their son) in Harvard College, if money could do it."

Now, their daughter Pearl is in society, and that daughter, named after one of their soaps, was married last Wednesday evening, just five years to the day from my Chris-

tening. The whole affair cost a fortune, and "they say" that it was the most gorgeous wedding ever witnessed in Boston. That is what he intended it to be.

It took place in this room to my right, and all of the "Hub's smart set" were present. As I could n't be there I had to be content with hearing, as well as I could, the Bishop's voice and the soft music. Presently I recognized her father's coarse voice. "Well, Pearl, I've founded a new Latin Professor's chair in Harvard, and your husband is to fill it. But now let's all go out in the hall and have the bridal picture taken."

By this, I knew that the ceremony was over, and thought I'd now get a peep at dear Pearl's husband. But, of course, every one had to congratulate the young Professor and his bride, so that it seemed an age before they finally came out here for the picture. I was not in the best of humor anyway, for I didn't want her to leave the home, but when somebody turned down the lights just before the couple came out I could hardly contain myself! At last I did see him, for just as the flash went off, he started and stared intently at my shield. Of course the light did not last long enough to give

me a good opportunity to scrutinize his features, but what I saw of his lean face, with sandy beard, sharp nose, and thick glasses, set me against him.

The picture over, they rushed up stairs, and when Pearl reached the landing, with one of the most angelic smiles mortal ever saw, she tossed down the Bride's bouquet. Then what a scrimmage there was to get it! A long-armed spinster got it, after having her gown torn in the wild grab; but still she had the satisfaction of being envied by the younger girls, and consoled herself with the hope that perhaps she would be the next one wed.

At this instant a rustling was heard up stairs, and all forgot the bouquet and torn dresses—except the old maid—thinking only of the Professor and his fair wife. Then I had another chance to see him as they came quickly down the stairs. Again I dreaded to think of Pearl's living with that man all the rest of her life, and as for loving him, I did n't see how such a thing was possible! He seemed to me one of those individuals who is ever looking to their own happiness, utterly ignoring and unappreciative of the sacrifices of others. She, on the other hand, was of a disposition as beautiful and as noble as the

fabled Ruth ! Of course, I realized that their married life would be peaceful, that he would be contented and happy, but as for his bride I could only see a sacrificed life. Then, for the first time, I thought that her name seemed to foretell her life—for it appeared to me in all its bitter reality, that this Pearl was surely being cast away.

All the time they lingered in the hall—it seemed an age to me—that young Latin Professor's eye was fixed on my shield, as if he was afraid of my striking him with my "two edger." At first I thought he was eying me, because he was so proud to marry into a

family "whose ancestors had fought in the Revolution," and who had such distinguished family arms and motto; but then the thought came to me again that he was a coward, and I hated with all my heart to think of such a man gaining such a bride.

But as they started to go to the waiting carriage, he made me believe that he was a young foeman worthy of my steel! For amid a storm of rice and old shoes, he strode up to me, grasped my gauntlet, shook it violently, and whispered into my helmet, "Well, old boy, don't you know me? '*Iustus et Honor Propositi?*' "

Then I shook his hand heartily and wished the Professor and Miss Pearl "God-speed," for I knew she had a good husband in my old friend, Claudius Cicero Grindhard !



“In the Twinkling of an Eye.”

“Fair Nanna, thou art doubly blest,
By Heaven, with all its virtues best,
And blessèd in my heart !
Thine eyes are not like stars in skies,
For Heaven itself is in thine eyes,
That flood my heart with smiles or sighs,
Such is thy magic art !

Thy form and features are most rare,
Thy bearing saintly ; past compare ;
 A nun thou seem'st to me !”
While thus I plead, a modest blush
Quick veiled her cheeks, she cried, “ Hush, hush !
Thou sin'st ;—thy love thou should'st have crushed ;
 I 'll ne'er again see thee !”

“ Nay, Nanna, thou 'rt too severe,
The Sermon on the Mount, I fear,
 Thou hast forgot, enraged !
‘ Judge not ’ ! Thou said'st I sinned. Do'st see ?
‘ Cast from thine eye the beam ’ ! List thee !
Pray cast thine eyes' bright beam on me !”
 She beamed,—we are engaged !

De Sturdye Dutch In Olde New Amsterdam.



“ Dear Maiden, since thou
wilt not heed

My soul’s entreaty, I must
speed

To lands afar from
this !

I cannot stay to see thee
wed

A stranger, though to title
bred ;

I go, but for love cold and
dead

Pray give one parting
kiss ! ”

“ Dear Lad, entreat me not, for Fate
Has so decreed ! ’T is now too late
 To change, what might have been !
Nor call me false,—’t is too severe,
I am but weak. Let this thought cheer
Thy future life, ‘ Thou wert most dear.’
 May God forgive my sin ! ”

All night within the placid bay,
The sturdy ship at anchor lay ;
 Soon would its sails be set.
At dawn, as by some strange command,
A lone man wandering on the strand,
Sought passage to a foreign land ;—
 My Grand-dame’s baronet !

As in Ye Oldene Dayes.



Dear Maid, could I but
write such rhymes,
As gallant knights of ancient
times,

Wrote ladies fine,
I'd pen a verse of such rare
art

'T would gain admittance
to thy heart,

And entering there would
ne'er depart,

Till it were mine !

By Venus, those old lovers swore,
Her gracious aid did they implore,
 In many a line ;
But lest her shrine should be defiled,
Around her altars, that dear child,
God Cupid, all the knights' hearts piled,
 To her divine !

Dear Maid, I 'd humbly worship thee,
Would wait thy will, on bended knee,
 Before thy shrine !
And on thine altar I would place
My heart ; but lest my hands efface
Its purity, I 'll send his Grace,—
 Saint Valentine !

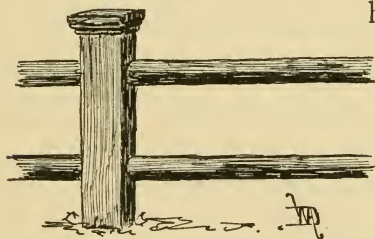


Reverie of Mars.

One night, shortly after we had finished our rehearsal of the "Music of the Spheres," I heard an old bell ringing out wildly, "War! War! War!" As it happened, Venus and I had been complaining only a little earlier of the degeneration of modern mankind, because there were no such lovers as Dido, or warriors brave as Agamemnon ;

so when we heard those fierce notes of war, we both admitted ourselves in the wrong, Venus by blushing as lovely as of yore when passionate Paris gave her the golden Apple of Discord.

In that quaint old college town of New England, the chapel bell



had summoned the students to the old fence,

where the Rev. Naphthali Daggett was telling them that their country needed true Christian men to fight for her liberty; that they should

all go to the war; and that they should be brave soldiers and fear naught but God's wrath.

Then General Washington spoke briefly but earnestly : " Men of Yale, our army needs a battalion of men upon whom we can rely under any and all disasters. I have carefully considered where such an one might best be organized, and have decided that it should be at that institution which gave to America her noblest hero—Nathan Hale ! I am here to organize the Yale Battalion, and I pray God that you may be as true and as brave as he who was recently among you, and whose only regret was that he

had but one life to lose for his Country."

All the while Washington spoke, I had been watching a young fellow of noble bearing, whose very soul seemed to have been moved by the stirring words. Presently they read the roll-call, and when "Henry Ingersoll Bishop" was called out, this lad, with all the fervor of his being, responded, "Here."

Soon Washington cried, "Four abreast, forward, march!" and the little battalion slowly and silently wound along the beautiful Sylvacarmen Road. Again the old bell rang out, but, this time, its tones were of tenderness, for it was wish-

ing the young battalion its "God-speed." And then, with the Rector's godly words, and the patriotic advice of Washington fresh in their hearts, as they heard the old bell ring out, they shouted as with one voice their pæan, "For God, for Country, and for Yale."

In the battle of White Plains the Yale Battalion was called upon, where they fought bravely and valiantly. Young Bishop was in the fore, fighting furiously ; so heedlessly that when Washington gave the word for retreat he was not aware of the absence of his friends. In an instant he was surrounded by the British, nevertheless,

undaunted, with his glittering sword
he fought a Battle Royal !

Then I saw a Red Coat stealthily
stealing up behind him. A sword
flashed ! With a mighty effort,
young Bishop rose to his full manly
height with a smile, as one in-
spired, he cried “ Here,” and fell.

It was his final Roll Call !















JUN 78



